All con e accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and flynces plain and distinct

A SONG FOR THE CHILDREN.

Oh, if I could Sing the song I would.

Sing the song I would.

Do you know what that song would be?

Twould be one to ring

And job to bring

From the east to the western sea.

The children all

The children at the clarion call. Should exho with hearts grown glad, And everywhere. Its cheery air. Make sorrowing souts less said,

It would hold the note Of the linnet's throat And the mendow-lark's trill of glee, And the kntydid's dear

Little chirp, and queer, Quaint chime of the chick a-dee The cricket's chir And the velvet whir Of butterfiles' wings, and the hum

Of busy bees
And the talk of the trees,
When the wild winds wandering come The sound of the sea In its rhythm would be,
And the drip of the brier-bound
And the broken dream
Of the old mill-stream
Fettered, but foam-free still.

Fine fairy feet, ance till the dawn appears; And the surge of corn In the summer morn,

Rustling its golden spears The lisp of the wheat, And the whispers sweet. When the clovers their secrets tell, The scamper from school To swim in the pool,

The tinkle of supper bell. The rush of the rat At the window pane, When the earth is parched with drouth;

The clinking hall Of pearls in the pall, Sweet for the buby's mouth. The flare of the fire

When the fiame leaps higher,
The crackling of cuts in its glow,
The crackling of cuts in its glow,
Crisq creep on the roof,
When the frost steals up like a foe

The slivery swing Of skates that ring. The laughter merry and gay: And the drowsy prayer, By mamma's chalt close of a lowely day: --Kate M. Cleary, in N. Y. Ledger At the ch

HIS OTHER SELF.

The Vagrant Who Read His Own Inscription.

On a July evening at dusk two boys sat near the crest of a grass-grown em bankment by the railroad at the western side of a Pennsylvania town. They talked in low tones of the sky's glow above where the sun had set beyond the low bills across the river; and also of the stars and of the moon, which was over the housetops behind them. There was noise of insects chirping in the grass and of steum escaping from locomotive boilers in the engine shed.

A rumble sounded from the north and in that direction a locomotive headlight came into view. It neared as the rumble grew loader and soon a freight train appeared. This rolled past at the foot of the embankment.

From between two grain cars leaped a man and after him another. So rapidly was the train moving that they seemed to be buried from it. Both alighted upon their feet. One, tall and lithe, led the way up the embankment, followed by the other, who was short

"Bums," whispered one of the boys at the top of the embankment.

The tramps stood still when they reached the top. Even in the half-light it could be seen that their clothes were ill-fitting, frayed and torn. They work cast-off hats; the tall man, whose face was clean-cut and made a pretense of being smooth shaven, had a pliable one; the other was capped by a dented 'Here's yer town at last! And it

looks like a very jay place at that;" said the short tramp to the tall one casting his eyes toward the house roofs

The boys, sitting twenty feet away. became silent and cautiously watched

"Yep," replied the tall tramp, in deep but serious and quiet voice; "and right about here's the spot where I jumped on a freight train fifteen year ago, the night I ran away from home That seems like yesterday, though I've not been here since.

Skipped a good home because the brought you a new dad! wouldn't eatch me being run out by no stepfather! Billy, you was rash!"

Mebbe I was. But on the dead, Pete, it was mostly jealousy. I thought my mother couldn't care for me any more if she could take a second husband. My sister thought so, too, but she wasn't able to get away like me! Of course I was wrong. It was boyish pique drove me away. I didn't fancy having another man in my dead father's place, And I wanted to get around and see the world a bit. After I'd gone I often wished I hadn't. I'd never imagined how much I loved mother and sis. But I was tougher and prouder in some ways than most kids. You can't understand that sort of thing. Pete. And you can't guess how I feel bein' back here for the first time in fifteen years. Think of it, I was just fifteen when I came away. Why, I spent half my life here, Petie!"

'Oh, I've read somewhere about that the way great men feel when they visit their native towns."

The short tramp took a clay pipe from his coat pocket and stuffed into it a cigar end fished from another pocket. Then he inquired:

"And now you're here, Billy, what are you go'n' to do?"

Only ask around what's become my folks, then go away. It won't take

There'll be a through coal train

that? Yes. We needn't stay here. There's

little to be picked up in a place like this." "Then skin along and make yer in-

vestigations. I'll sit here and smoke till you come back. If you could pinch a bit o' bread an' meat by the way, it wouldn't hurt."

"I'll try," answered the tall tramp.
'I'm goin' to ask the kids yonder, first, if any o' my people still live hefe."

The tall tramp strode over to the two boys. His companion shambled down the embankment to obtain, at the turn table near the locomotive shed across the railroad, a red-hot einder with which to light his pipe.

"Do you youngsters know people here by the name of Kershaw?" began the tall tramp standing beside the two

Both remained sitting on the grass. One shook his head. The other said:

The tramp was silent for a moment. Then it occurred to him that his mother had taken his stepfather's name and his sister might be married. Therefore he asked:

"How about a family named Coates?" "None here," replied one of the boys. But the other said: "Coates? That's the name of Tommy Hackett's grandmother. Don't you know, Dick-old

Mrs. Contes." The tramp drew and expelled a

quick, audible breath "Then," he said, "this Mrs. Coates must be the mother of Tommy's mother. Do you know what Tommy's mother's first name is?"

"I heard Mom call her Alice once." The tramp's eyes glistened.
"And Mr. Coates?" he inquired.

"Oh, I never heard of him. I guess he died long ago." "And Tommy Hackett's father, who's

"He's the boss down at the freight station. Agent, I think they call him." "Where does this Mrs. Coates live?"

"She lives with the Hacketts. Would you like to see the house? Me and Dick has to go past it on the way some. We'll "Yes, I would like to see the house."

The boys arose, one of them rather sleepily. They led the way across the railway company's lot, then along a sparsely built-up street, and around a corner into a more populous but quiet highway. At the corner was a grocery and dry-goods store; beyond that were neat and airy two-story houses, fronted by yards closed in by iron fences. One of these houses had a little pianza, on which sat two children. From the half open door and from two windows

"That's Hackett's house," said one of the boys.

"Thanks, very much," replied the tramp, continuing to walk with them. The boys looked surprised at his not opping at the house, but they said

nothing At the next corner the tramp spoke ap: "I think I'll go back now. Goodight, youngsters!"

The boys trudged on, and the tramp a girl of six, looked at him curiously from the plazza.

"Are you Mr. Hackett's little boy and he asked.

The girl stepped back to the hall door and stood there. The boy looked

"Is your mother in?"

"No, she's across the street at Mrs. Johnson's."

"She'll be back soon," added the girl. Grandmother's in, though," continued the boy. "Would you like to see her?"

"No, no! Don't call her. I just anted to see your mother.

"Well-no! I knew her brother, your

"We haven't any uncle-except Uncle George, and he's papa's brother," said So-Called Men Who Have No Excuse for

"What! not an Uncle Will-Uncle Will Kershaw?"

"O-h! yes," assented the boy. "Did you know him before he died? That was a long time ago."

The tramp made no other outward manifestation of his surprise than to be silent and motionless for a time. Presently he said in a trembling voice: "Yes, before he died. Do you remember when he died?"

"Oh, no. That was when mamma was a girl. She and grandmother often talk about it, though. Uncle Will started west, you know, when he was fifteen years old. He was standing on a bridge out near Pittsburgh one day and he saw a little girl fall into the stone and that stunned him. They the light of his progenitors. didn't know it was Uncle Will or who it was, at first, but mamma read about it in the papers and Grandpa Coates went out to see if it wasn't Uncle Will. Grandpa 'dentified him and they brought him back here, but, what do you think, the doctor wouldn't allow them to open his coffin, and so grandma and mamma couldn't see him. buried up in the graveyard, next Grandpa Kershaw, and there's a little monument there that tells all about how he died tryin' to save a little girl from drownin'. I can read it, but Mamie can't. She's my little sister there."

The tramp had seated himself on the piazza step. He was looking vacantly before him. He remained so until the boy, frightened at his silence, moved further from him toward the door. Then the tramp arose suddenly.

tell her about me bein' here. But, say -could I just get a look at-at your grandma, without her knowing any-

thing about it?" The boy took his sister's hand and withdrew into the doorway. Then he tract is signed.—Old Homestead. her through the window."

Will you be back in time to bounce his neck to see through one of the lighted windows. So he remained for several seconds. Once during that time he closed his eyes, and the muscles of his face contracted. Then he opened his eyes again. They were

He could see a gentle old lady, with smooth gray hair and an expression of calm and not unhappy melancholy. She was sitting in a rocking chair, her hands resting on the arms, her look fixed unconsciously on the paper on the wall. She was thinking, and evidently her thoughts, though sad, perhaps, were not keenly painful.

The tramp read that much upon her face. Presently, without a word, he turned about and hurried away, closing the gate after bim.

When the two children told about their visitor later, their mother said: "You mustn't talk to strange men, Tommy. You and Mamie should have come right in to grandma."

Their father said: "He was probably looking for a chance to steal something. I'll let the dog out in the yard to-night. And their grandmother: "I suppose be was only a man who likes to hear children talk, and, perhaps, poor fel-

low, he has no little ones of his own." The tramp knew the way to the cemetery. But first he found the house where he had lived as a boy. It looked painfully rickety and surprisingly small. So he hastened from before it, and went up by a back street across the town creek and up a hill, where at last he stood before the ceme tery gate. It was locked; so he climbed over the wall. He went still further up the hill, past tombstones that looked very white and trees that looked very green in the moonlight. At the top of the hill he found his father's grave. Beside it was another mound and at the head of this a plain little pillar. The moon was high now and the tramp

by word ne comin showly read upon the marble this inscription:
"William Albert, beloved son of the late Thomas Kershaw and his wife Bachel; born in Breckville, August 2, 1862; drowned in the Allegheny river near Pittsburgh, July 27, 1877, while be deally endeavoring to save the life of a and."

The tramp laughed and then uttered

"I wonder," he said, aloud, "what poor bloke it is that's doin' duty for me under the ground here!

And at the thought that he owed an excellent posthumous reputation to the who had happened to reunknown semble him fifteen years before, he laughed louder. Having no one near to share his mirth he looked up at the amiable moon and nodded knowingly thereat, as if to say:

"This is a fine joke we're enjoying between us, isn't it?'

And by and by he remembered that he was being waited for, and he strode from the grave and from the cemetery. By the railroad the short tramp, has ing smoked all the refuse tobacco in his possession, was growing impatient. Already the expected coal train had heralded its advent by whistle and puff

and roar when his associate joined him. "Found out all you wanted to know?" queried the stout little vagretraced his steps. When he reached the Hacketts' house he paused at the gate. The children, a boy of eight and to mount the train.

"Yep," answered the tall vagrant, contentedly.

The small man grasped the iron rod attached to the side of one of the moving coal cars and swung his foot into the iron stirrup beneath. His comup at the tramp, and answered: "Yes, panion mounted the next car in the same way.

"Are you all right, Kersh?" shouted back the short tramp, standing safe

above the "bumpers."
"All right," replied the tall tramp, elimbing upon the end of a car. "But don't ever call me Kersh any more. After this I'm always Bill the Bum. Bill Kershaw's dead"-and he added, to himself: "and decently buried on the "Ho you know mamma?" inquired hill over there under the moon."-Robert N. Stephens, in Philadelphia Press.

THE MISS BETTYS

Living. The counterpart of the masculine girl is the effeminate man, who crowds the piazza of the summer hotel or monopolizes valuable space in the athletic clubroom. He pays his dues, not that he cares anything about the sport, but because it is the style and there is an advantage in having access to fine stationery. This Miss Betty is as muscular as a chicken and as vain as a peacock. He talks in a thin treble voice, his hands are soft and white, his fingernails are manicured twice a day and his coat fits tight to show off the graceful lines of his figure. He wears snake rings on both hands, perfume in his hair and mustache, an ineffable look of weariness and cultivates a supreme contempt for people in general. Alriver. He jumped in to save her, but though an ardent advocate of marriage he has long since ceased to regard it in

He is a lover of his own comfort and ease. He fancles silk underwear, good stories and select amusements. must have good clothes in variety and abundance, and, being a gourmet cannot abide home cooking. Of course he is foud of society, and would not object to a wife provided she is able to take care of him and will promise that they shall not be bothered by family relatives. This exquisite empty-head i to be blamed for putting himself in the highest market. A free-born citizen, he has yet to know why he should not ommand as high a price as the fops and dandles in the foreign market for

his name and hand. Interro, te this shallow, impecunious youth and he will tell you that really he has no desire to marry and no intention of providing for a wife, "Well," he said, huskily, "I won't but if any rich girl comes along with a wait to see your mamma. You needn't little beauty and money enough for a but if any rich girl comes along with a matrimonial venture, why, I often

don't mind signing the contract." She does come along; it is a notorious fact that she does more than her share of the lovemaking and the con

-It is a fact that the longer a man is along in about an hour, 'cordin' to what the flagman told us at that last town of the piazza upon his toes, and craned likely he is to turn out crooked.

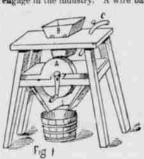
AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

MAKING POTATO STARCH.

A Simple Operation Requiring But Little Machinery. Some time ago the necessity for devising some means of making use of the large quantity of unmerchantable potatoes that had accumulated in the

city and that were held in the interior because of the lack of a remunerative is with the fruit, the vegetables and market, led to the discussion of the feasibility of manufacturing starch from the surplus tubers. Several establishments were put in operation, and farmers all over the state were inquiring as to the necessary machinery, st of operation, methods, etc. The process is so simple and the

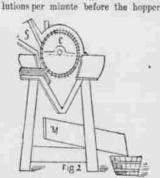
mechanism so inexpensive that there is nothing to prevent potato growers all over the state who are threatened with a surplus from engaging in the making of starch. The New England Homestend gives a short account of the operation, and it is reproduced here for the benefit of renders who may be disposed to engage in the industry. A wire bas-



ket to wash the tubers, a rotary rasping machine, a few large tubs or watertight hogsheads, some wire and hair cloth sleves and a drying-room com-

The moon was high now and the was used to seeing in the night. Word
by word he could slowly read upon the in figure 1, and consists of a band wheel (A), over the rim of which has wheel (A), over the rim of which has been secured, rough side out, a piece of sheet iron previously roughened up like a nutmeg grater by punching it full of holes. The wheel is mounted on an axle supported by the wooden frame so as to revolve immediately beneath the mouth of a metal-lined

wooden hopper (B). A more effective rasper or grinder is shown in figure 2. It consists of a cylinder (C) twenty inches in diameter and two feet long, mounted on an axis. It is armed with steel saw plates, placed about three-quarters of an inch apart, parallel with the cylinder and having small and regular teeth. The plates are held in position by iron clamps, so that the toothed edges project about four-fifths of an inch from the periphery of the drum. It is driven at the rate of about eight hundred revo-



and is capable of pulping about forty eight bushels of potatoes an hour. In both these machines the rasping surfaces are kept clean by the action of small jets of water projected with some force.

As the washed potatoes are passed through one of these machines, the pulp and wash water are run off into tubs, and after the coarser particles deposited, the milky liquid is drawn off into other tubs, and the starchy matter allowed to settle; or, as in large factories, the pulp may be rubbed and washed through a series of sieves, ranging from coarse wire gauze to fine haircloth. After repeated washings with fresh water in the tubs, to separate the gummy and fibrous matters, the starch granules are finally lowed to settle, and after the water has been drawn off the pasty mass of starch and water is run off into long wooden troughs, slightly inclined, wherein the paste gradually hardens as the water drains off. When hard enough, it is cut into blocks and put on shelves in a warm room to dry out. With good management, from teen pounds to eighteen pounds of clear starch can be obtained by these simple means from 100 pounds of average po-

SHEEP SHEARINGS.

TEN good sheep are better than thirty

Do not attempt to keep too many sheep on the pasture.

Does warm weather favor the growth of wool? asks an inquirer. Certainly. It is of no use to expect profit from early lambs unless they are given the best of care.

Woot, when first taken from the sheep looks better and weighs heavier than it ever will afterwards. In England the flockmasters change

the feed of the flock quite often, and even change the pastures. THE flock that is regularly fed and

watered and properly housed from storms will produce the best fleeces. THERE is no call in the market for thin sheep or lambs. At least the call is not very loud, not loud enough to in-

TIMOTHY hay for sheep is like a fence rail as compared to clover. Besides if it is not cut until the straw becomes ripe it is dangerous to lambs. WILL not the production of good mutton be over done? asks a correspon-

dent. Not in your life, friend, and we have not the slightest idea how young you are either. WE may produce the best fleece that

A STUDY OF PLANTS.

Wherefore of the Remarkable Na-trition of Young Grass. The recent discovery that the early

product is the most profitable applies not only to animals, but to crops. The two-year-old steer, the yearling or the three-months lamb, the broiler chicken, the two-year-old cow are all now indispensable for full profit of their rearing and feeding. And so it the grass. The cows on the fresh young grass show by the abundant milk and rich, golden, high-flavored butter that their feed is just what they require. But few farmers or dairymen really know why this is so, believing that such grass is too full of water and really deficient in nutriment This is a great mistake. It is the young grass that is the most nutritious, and has less water in proportion to the nutriment it contains and more fat in it. The fresh young clover has much more of the albuminoids and the fat

than that in full blossom, and ripe clover is still more deficient in nutriment, the digestible matters having been largely changed into indi-gestible substance. Young grass has the same proportion of nutriment over full-grown grass as clover has, and in this we may find the reason why, as the season advances, the cows fall off in yield and the milk is less and less rich. And in the late summer when the second growth comes, it is this superiority of the new-grown grass to which the increased flow of milk and the higher yield and quality of butter are due. Everyone knows of these facts, but not of the cause of them. There is no food better for a cow than the clippings of the lawn-grass, which is always young and tender and rich in nutriment. It is commonly thought that this young grass contains an excess of water. Not so. It has an excess of sap, but as the flowing sap of the maple pours from the tree in spring it is rich in sugar, and while there is more water in the tree, this water is saturated with the most nutritious elements. A plant can only take in food dissolved in water, and thus when it is growing most rapidly, and is in its most nutritious condition it must have the most water in it, but this water is only the vehicle which carries the nutritive matter. Thus the more water the more solid nutriment. -N. Y. Tribune.

HOMEMADE WHEELHOE.

An Excellent Tool for the Cultivation of Garden Crops.

I send you a pencil sketch of a wheelhoe I made last spring. It is an excellent little tool for the cultivation of garden crops, especially in a small garden where it is hardly practicable to use a horse and cultivator, and where vegetables are planted close together, such as onions, etc. In the onion patch I can do as much work with it as five men can with horse. It is light and easily handled.

The soil should be free from stones or rubbish and this is just the way a garden should always be. It should not be allowed to bake. No wheelhoe can be successfully used in crusted soil Work as soon after a rain as the ground will crumble nicely.

The wheel is off of a mowing machine and is eight inches in diameter. The axle is eight inches long. The cutter is a piece of a buggy spring twenty six inches long, and about one-eighth of an inch thick, and bent as shown in cut, and attached to the handles six inches from axle. The two braces are



eight inches long and attached to the cutter about two inches above the band. There are two holes in end of each brace, and also in each end of cutter, to regulate the depth. The handles are attached to the axle by two pieces of strap iron and a bolt through the axle bolts the parts together tightly. It cost fifty cents besides my own labor, for cutter, braces, bolts, etc.-E. S. Mead, in Ohio Farmer.

Harsh Usage of the Horse.

It is not a universally recognized fact that harsh usage of the horse-by which we mean harsh, loud language used to the animal, jerking its mouth etc., impairs the animal's usefulness or rather shortens its usefulness. Watch a horse that is being sworn at and screamed at by a driver who seems to be upon the very verge of insanity; watch the animal as its mouth is ferked by a cruel driver; watch him as he is whipped for stumbling, or some other similar offense. You will see that the horse is confused and laboring under great nervous excitement; and nervous excitement is injurious to anything on earth that is capable of feeling it. do that to a horse which leads to nervous excitement, therefore, is like setting fire to valuable property. Don't swear at the horse, don't scold, don't jerk its month, don't whip unreason ably. More can be got out of the animal by kindness than by cruelty .-

Broken Flint as Grit.

Hard flint, crushed or ground, will some day be placed on the market for the use of poultrymen in providing grit for fowls. It is true that nearly all sections have gravel, but gravel is worn by the elements into round shapes, or rather the sharp edges are taken off. The object in swallowing hard substances by the fowls is to secure sharpcutting material, and ordinary gravel does not supply their wants. Many does not supply their wants. persons use oyster shells, reduced by grinding or pounding, but shells are too ever grew on a sheep's back, but if soft and do not fully serve the purpose we handle the wool carelessly, an inferior wool that is better handled will it always presents sharp edges, no matbring a better price than ours. - Farm- ter how fine it may be in cor Farm and Fireside

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